

Newport



Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1851.

Number 4,659.

POTTERY.

THE LABORER.
BY E. R. VANDERKAM.

Who blushes for labor, for honest toil!
Who scorns the rough hand and the
Then simply to own the land.
Unvalued by man, only briars and thorns,
Who seeks the rough hand and the
And the waste is a fruitful field.
Let the tiller, the rich, and the idle sown,
The worker cares not for them;
Who decks them with pearls from the ocean wave!
With gold and the priceless gem!
Who hunts for the emerald! Who weaves the silk!
Who embosoms the scarf of gold!
Who makes their soft couches and downy beds!
Who guards them from winter's cold!
Hurry for the worker! He decks them all,
He toils for the great in the land;
The rules and pearls round the lady's fair neck,
Are twined by the laborer's hand.
The workers of old to the grave have passed,
But their memory cannot die;
Painting, and statue, and pyramid,
Are the trophies of their pride.
And glorious gems from the spirit mine,
Bright pearls from the wave of thought,
Are twined in a real crown,
By the toil of ages wrought.
And the laurel wreath round the worker's brow,
For a conqueror he is;
He hath wrestled with poverty, time, and death,
And hath won the victory.
Still onward and upward his path shall be,
No dangers his courage appal;
The winds and the waves are his couriers free
And the lightning obeys his call.
He thinks—and the mighty orb of day,
Must its mightier master own,
The glorious stars are his beacon fires,
From the poles to the burning zone.
Let monarchs boast in their pride and power,
Of the millions who own their sway;
The victor o'er poverty, time, and death,
Is a mightier king than they.

AGRICULTURE.

APHIDES, OR LICE, ON TREES.—Look
to your young trees now and let not these
lice destroy them or stop their growth.
They are found most plentifully on the
shooting twigs of young trees in nurseries,
and in dry weather they multiply fast.
They poison the sap to such a degree that
the stem or trunk turns black and ceases
to grow.

It is but of little use to sprinkle the
leaves as the leaf protects many. They
prefer to keep on the under side of the leaf
or shelter though they stick fast to the
tender stem also and suck its life blood.
Small ants are always found accompanying
these lice, and many nursery men suppose
the lice the offspring of the ant—but
they are no more related than a rat is to
an ear of corn; they are often in company
and one lives upon the other. The ants
follow the lice and live on the effluvia that
comes from them.

The most effectual remedy is found in
dipping the top of the nursery tree into
some liquid that is poisonous to them.
The juice of tobacco will kill the lice, and
it does not seem to injure the trees in the
least. Soap suds also, made of whale oil
soap, destroys the lice and is more con-
venient with the growing plant, as it is a
manure and serves to improve all growing
vegetation.

Some are in the practice of mixing the
two—but either will answer alone in case
it is effectually applied. This is done by
putting the liquor into a broad pan. One
man holds the pan and another bends down
the top of the tree till the lice have all a
fair chance of a ducking. In this way
proceed from tree to tree and half a dozen
trees may be dipped in a minute.

RECIPIES.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN.—If linen
has been scorched in ironing, and the mark
did not go entirely through so as to damage
the texture, it may be removed by the fol-
lowing process:—Take two onions, peel
them, slice them, and extract the juice by
squeezing or pounding. Then cut up half
an ounce of white soap, and two ounces of
filler's earth, mix with them the onion-
juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this
composition well; then spread it, when
cool, over the scorched part of the linen,
and let it dry on. Afterwards wash out
the linen.

**TO REMOVE HEAT MARKS FROM A
TABLE.**—If a whitish mark is left on a table
by carelessly setting on it a pitcher of
boiling water, or a hot dish, pour some
lamp oil on the spot, and rub it hard with a
soft cloth. Then pour on a little spirits of
wine or Cologne water, and rub it dry with
another soft cloth. The white mark will
thus disappear, and the table look as well
as ever.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF UNPAINTED WOOD.
When a desk or bench or floor is stained
with ink, cut a lemon or a lime in half,
and rub the spots with it. Then wash it
off with warm water.
Vinegar is a good substitute for lemon-
juice, in removing ink-stains from boards.

SELECTED TALE.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

A YANKEE IN A COTTON MILL.

Dio you ever see, read, or hear tell of
"A Green 'Un in a cotton mill?"

Pray don't answer rashly; don't lose
yourself now among "Yankees in Coal
Screens," "Yankees in Hot Baths," Yan-
kees in Restaurants," and answer unad-
visedly yes! Mine is a Yankee in a new
phase. His dilemma is a Yankee fix—
"oui generis,"—a live Yankee in the card
room of a cotton mill!

The "plain unvarnished facts in the
case," as politicians say, "are these." A
raw, straw-hatted, sandy whiskered, six
footed—one of the purely uninitiated—
came yesterday from Greene, with a load
of wood, for the Factory Company. Hav-
ing piled his wood to the satisfaction of the
"Squire," he baited his team with a bundle
of green grass brought all the way from
home for that purpose. Then, after invest-
ing his available capital in the purchase of
root beer and ginger bread at Ham's, he
started to see the "city," filling his com-
mencee rapidly with bread, and chewing
it vigorously as he went.

He reviewed the iron foundry and ma-
chine shop, and was just opposite the warp
mill as the "hands" were going in from
dinner. The girls were hurrying in as
only factory girls can hurry, and Jonathan,
unaccustomed to such an array of plaid
shawls and hood bonnets, deposited his
good stick upon the stairs, and stalked in
"to see what the trouble was."

The clatter of the machinery and the
movements of the operatives soon absorbed
his whole attention. Being, however, of
an inquiring turn of mind, and seeing much
that was calculated to perplex one whose
observations in mechanics had been con-
fined to thrashing machines and corn-shel-
lers, he began to push vigorous inquiries
in all directions. In this way he made
himself acquainted successively with the ex-
ternal and internal economy of the Picker,
"Booster," "Lap-winder," "Doubler,"
and "Speeder." By 2 o'clock he had ex-
tended his researches as far as the "Break-
ers" and "Finishers."

He reached the latter just as the card-
stripper was "stripping the flats." In this
operation the cylinder of the card is ex-
posed to view, and is seen revolving with a
very pretty buzz. Not satisfied with con-
templating the "poetry of motion" at a safe
distance, our hero must needs introduce
himself between the cards to get a nearer
view. This move brought his "netter ha-
bitments" into dangerous proximity to the
gearing of the next card, and "thereby
hangs a tale."

"You, I say! she goes poaty, don't she,
Boss?" said Jonathan, enquiringly.
"She don't do anything else," responded
the stripper. "You must be very
careful how you move around amongst this
hardware. 'Twas only last week, sir, that
a promising young man from Oxford—a
student at the academy here—was drawn
into that very card, sir, and before any as-
sistance could reach him, he was run
through, and manufactured into No. 16,
super extra, cotton warp yarn."

"I s—s—wow! I believe yuer jokin'!"
stuttered Jonathan.
"Fact, sir," continued Stripper, "and
his disconsolate mother came down two
days ago, and got five bunches of that same
yarn, as melancholy relics."

"By the mighty! that can't be true!"
"Fact, sir, fact! and each of his fellow
students purchased a skein apiece, to be
set in lockets, and wore in remembrance
of departed worth!"

"Is that a fact, now? I was really card-
ed, spun, and set in lockets?"
A sense of personal danger here shot
across our hero's mind; he began to retreat
precipitately without waiting for an answer.
There was not much room to spare be-
tween himself and the gearing of the card
behind. Another step backwards com-
pleted the ceremony of introduction. His
unwhisperables being of large "calibre,"
the process of snarling them up into a hard
knot was no ways slow. Our hero "gave
tongue" instantly, and by the twentieth
gyration of the embodiment, the music was
melodious. His "explosive tones" were
scientific, and did honor to his knowledge
of dynamics. Gen. Scott himself could
not have protested more forcibly against an
"attack on his rear."

"O—h! M-u-r-d-e-r!—Let go!—You
h-u-r-t! Blast your picker—Let go! Aint
ye ashamed!—Get out—Taint poaty.—
Darnation seize ye! Let alone our me-
can't ye!—do!"

The gearing by this time had wound him
up so that he was obliged to stand on tiptoe.
His hands were revolving vigorously behind
him, but he dared not venture them near

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence of the Presbyterian.

REMINISCENCES OF RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 28, 1851.

Messrs. Editors.—Our own experience
here of ten days fully confirms what the
Mercury says in the following paragraph,
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"Newport has often been gayer, but
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Comfort seems to be the desideratum this
summer, and we are pleased to see that the
majority are resolutely bent on securing it;
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the pursuit of light and heartless dissipa-
tions, which, in former years, followed each
other in rapid rotation."

In a word, we never found the climate
more delightful, the sea-air more refresh-
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more comfortable, or society more exactly
what it should be around us, than on this
our sixth visit to the shores of the Narra-
gansett.

Instead of indulging in descriptions of
what has been so often repeated about the
beautiful drives, splendid landscapes, the
Redwood Library, the Fort, &c., we send
you a passage or two from a recent volume
of Sparks. In a life of Samuel Ward, one
of the best and most distinguished of Rhode
Island's many great and good men, by
William Gamwell, which appears in the
nineteenth volume of the American Biog-
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"For a considerable period prior to the
American Revolution, the ancient town of
Newport was among the most flourishing
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Its spacious harbour made it the resort of
much of the foreign shipping that visited
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the most finished and the most enduring of
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founded a literary and social club, made
up of the gentlemen of the town, which no
doubt was instrumental in elevating his
character and promoting a unity of feeling
in relation to subjects of general concern.
From this association, whose object was
"the promotion of knowledge and virtue,"
at a subsequent period sprang the Redwood
Library, which, had it been earlier started,
would doubtless have received from Bishop
Berkeley the valuable collection of books
which, on leaving Rhode Island in 1731, he
distributed among the clergymen of the
colony, and presented to the Colleges at
Cambridge and at New Haven."

"In the midst of a community whose
social and literary character is expanded
by influences like these, Samuel Ward
passed his boyhood and youth!" &c.
After having for many years taken a
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Governor, Ward was sent to represent it in
the Continental Congress at Philadel-
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his first campaign was under Arnold, where
he bore himself most gallantly, and was
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"The card stripper threw off the belt, but
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"O, stop her! stop her, do—I aint well,
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Like Odello, "he was not easily moved,"
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"What are you about here?" said the
overseer, entering.

"Nothin', sir, only stripping flats,"
answered the stripper.

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Caught in his own Trap.

A GIRL, young and pretty, but above all,
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presented herself before a certain Parisian
lawyer, (we translate the incident from the
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home-made attorneys,) and thus addressed him:

"Monsieur, I came to consult you on a
grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love,
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of the colonial trade, while the salubri-
ty of its climate and the surpassing beauty of
its ocean scenery were already attracting
temporary visitors from less favored climes,
and making it what it has since become—
the most delightful watering place upon
the continent. Amidst its external prospe-
rity and its intimate relations with the
mother country, the society of the town is
said to have been distinguished for its pol-
ished manners, and the intellectual spirit
with which it was pervaded."

"Here the philosopher Berkeley passed
two years in maturing his generous plans
for civilizing the Indians, and educating
young men of the colonies for the ministry
of the gospel. This eminent man was
much in the society of the town, and for a
time assisted the rector of the Episcopal
parish in the performance of his parochial
duties. His active and generous spirit,
enriched as it was by the most liberal cul-
ture and the noblest benevolence, must
have exerted a controlling influence over
every circle in which he moved. While
residing at Newport, Berkeley is said to
have composed his "Minute Philosopher,"
the most finished and the most enduring of
all his writings, has forever linked his
name with the quiet shores of the beautiful
island which was then his home. He also
founded a literary and social club, made
up of the gentlemen of the town, which no
doubt was instrumental in elevating his
character and promoting a unity of feeling
in relation to subjects of general concern.
From this association, whose object was
"the promotion of knowledge and virtue,"
at a subsequent period sprang the Redwood
Library, which, had it been earlier started,
would doubtless have received from Bishop
Berkeley the valuable collection of books
which, on leaving Rhode Island in 1731, he
distributed among the clergymen of the
colony, and presented to the Colleges at
Cambridge and at New Haven."

"In the midst of a community whose
social and literary character is expanded
by influences like these, Samuel Ward
passed his boyhood and youth!" &c.
After having for many years taken a
leading and active part in the affairs of the
colony, and having been several times its
Governor, Ward was sent to represent it in
the Continental Congress at Philadel-
phia. His son, of the same name, received
a captain's commission in the Continental
Army, at the early age of eighteen, and
his first campaign was under Arnold, where
he bore himself most gallantly, and was
taken prisoner in that desperate conflict in
which Montgomery fell. The annuncia-
tion of this event is thus recorded, with
special reference to its influence on the sub-
ject of the memoir, and will I found strik-
ingly interesting, especially a letter which
follows, from father to the son.

"The card stripper threw off the belt, but
the momentum of the cylinder kept it re-
volving, and our hero, supposing it in full
operation, burst out anew:
"O, stop her! stop her, do—I aint well,
and I orter to be at home. Father wants
the steers, and mother's going to bake!—
Stop the tarnation mashen—can't ye!—do!—
Aint ye got no feelin' for a feller in dis-
tress? Je—ru—sa—lem! How I wish
I was to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last, but Jon-
athan's clothes were so tangled in the gearing
that it was no slight task to extricate him.
Like Odello, "he was not easily moved,"
and it was only by cutting out the whole of
the "invested territory," that he was finally
released.

"What are you about here?" said the
overseer, entering.

"Nothin', sir, only stripping flats,"
answered the stripper.

Our hero not caring to resume his "pur-
suit of knowledge under difficulties," a pair
of overhauls were charitably loaned him,
and he scattered suddenly towards Mill
Hill, giving a series of short kicks with
either leg, on his way, as if to assure him-
self that he had brought away his full com-
plement of limbs, from the "cussed ma-
chine!"

Caught in his own Trap.

A GIRL, young and pretty, but above all,
gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately
presented herself before a certain Parisian
lawyer, (we translate the incident from the
French journals for the benefit of our
home-made attorneys,) and thus addressed him:

"Monsieur, I came to consult you on a
grave affair. I want to oblige a man I

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The steamship *Prometheus*, arrived at New York Wednesday last, from San Juan de Nicaragua, with 369 passengers, \$800,000 in gold dust, and San Francisco dates to the 15th July.

By this arrival we have fifteen days' later intelligence from San Francisco, brought in about twenty-eight days from that distant point.

The most exciting intelligence by this arrival is the account of the trial by the Vigilance Committee, the confession and execution of James Stuart, the notorious villain who a few months since narrowly escaped hanging by the mob for a murderous assault upon and robbery of Mr. C. J. Jansen, in company with a fellow named Aandred. It will be remembered that these comrades in guilt were regularly "tried by the people," who finally yielded them to the courts by whom they were convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. In a very brief space of time, however, they escaped and began again to prey upon the community. Jansen becoming frightened at the recent demonstrations against the Sydney thieves, is believed to have left the country. Stuart, more bold remained, was arrested for new crimes, taken charge of by the Vigilance Committee, and after a long and patient investigation was sentenced to pay the forfeit of his crimes. Before his execution he made a confession, from which it was ascertained that he had been connected with nearly every large burglary or robbery perpetrated in and about San Francisco for months past. The confession and evidence prove him to have been implicated in the murder of a Mr. Moore, at Dubbins' Ranch, in the murderous assault on Mr. Jansen, in no less than the robbery of Mr. McIntyre's safe, in an attempt on Mr. Macdonald's, and in the great robbery at Monterey. No criminal more daring or successful—more reckless or cold-blooded—ever harassed a community. Bred up in crime from childhood conscienceless and callous, he approached as near the character of a fiend as any thing in the garb of humanity we have ever heard of. He had not even the excuse of stupidity or dullness, for his talents and ingenuity well directed would have achieved success in any calling.

The California papers state, that in order to further the ends of justice, they are obliged to suppress for the present the names of many individuals in the community who are implicated in the crimes developed, and who are being perseveringly tracked by the Committee. Their time will come presently, and the public will then cease to wonder that with such an organization crime of every dye has reigned so long triumphant in San Francisco.

They assert that it will be seen that the ramifications of this association of thieves, burglars, assassins and incendiaries extended throughout the entire State, that judges and public prosecutors in some portions of the country were in league with the organization, that subornation of perjury was one of the commonest expedients to achieve the impurity of the criminal and to baffle the working of the law, that the burning of the city was several times resolved upon in revenge, and that life was not regarded as a thing to be valued.

On the whole we doubt if in the history of the United States there has ever been a more monstrous criminal organization laid bare, than that which has now been brought to light by the efforts of the Vigilance Committee.

It is confidently believed, that the information obtained through the trial of Stuart, and his confession, will enable the Committee to break up the gangs of villains, who infest the country.

The following summary taken from the *Alta*, gives a statement of the most interesting events of the fortnight proceeding the sailing of the steamer:

"Since the departure of the mail steamer on the 1st of the present month, the only event of moment which has transpired in our city has been the trial, conviction, and execution of a felon known as Jim Stuart, by the Vigilance Committee, a body of citizens of the highest respectability and standing in society. He was tried for a multiplicity of offences, and, by his own confession voluntarily made, was a villain of the most desperate character. He was hung about two o'clock on Friday, the 11th inst., at the end of Market Wharf, in the presence of several thousand citizens.

A Spanish woman was hung in Downieville, in the Sacramento Valley, for murdering a man named Canaan on the 7th inst.

In Sacramento, Marysville Stockton and elsewhere, the citizens have felt themselves compelled to act in their own behalf, the laws having proved so utterly inadequate in themselves, and their administration by the properly constituted authorities so lax.

The intelligence from the north is by no means pleasant. A party of pioneer emigrants, who had been landed at Point Orford, above Trinidad, consisting of ten men, under command of Captain Kirkpatrick, were massacred by the Indians. The Indians in the entire vicinity of Rogue's River and the Klamath region, have exhibited the utmost hostility against the whites, and being armed with guns and pistols as well as bows and arrows, are a most formidable adversary. Several parties of whites were in arms and in pursuit of those who had committed depredations at the late accounts. The Indians are still troublesome in Sacramento Valley, and refuse to come in at the place specified by Dr. O. M. Wozencraft, one of the Indian Commissioners. Col. McKee, also of the Commission, is at Benicia, preparing to prosecute his mission in the region of the Klamath and Trinity rivers. Col. Barbour is in the vicinity of Los Angeles, intending to visit again the Indians in the Talare Valley, who have recently exhibited a disposition to break their treaty of peace and amity.

The Commission are totally without funds, utterly unable to prosecute their mission to a successful issue without additional supplies. The 4th of July was not celebrated with any great pomp, in consequence of the calamity which has so recently befallen the city. It was, however, observed by the firing of guns, parades of societies, &c.

The intelligence from the mines continues to be extremely encouraging, and a general spirit of contentment seems to prevail among the miners.

A number of well known scoundrels have been sent out of the country, with a threat of hanging if they ever return.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamers *Africa* and *Humboldt*, arrived at New York, on Wednesday last, bringing dates from Europe to the 30th ultimo.

ENGLAND.—The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill has been passed in the House of Lords. Parliament was to be prorogued on the 8th inst., by the Queen in person.

The attendance at the Crystal Palace continues undiminished.

FRANCE.—The weather was very favorable for observing the eclipse. The members of the Assembly were chiefly occupied with observing the phenomenon, to do which they all issued from the Chamber in a body, and hastened down the steps to the quay, armed with bits of smoked glass, and discs of blue pasteboard with pinholes. Some snatched leaves from the President's garden, which they punctured, and applied to their eyes. Others were accommodated with buckets of water, in which they contemplated the short rays of the dimmed luminary. Engaged all intently during nearly an hour in this occupation, they looked more like a detachment of the Scientific Association than the members of a legislative assembly.

The National Assembly has determined that the adjournment should take place on the 10th of August, and that the vacation should last till the 4th of November.

The anniversary of the revolution of July was celebrated to-day at the church of St. Paul.

M. Charles Hugo, editor of the *Evening* (says the *Paris* correspondent of the *Independent* of Brussels), was called on to constitute himself a prisoner, in consequence of his recent condemnation. But there was no place vacant, except in the prisons set apart for thieves. On the observation being made to the Prefect of Police, he decided that M. Charles Hugo should wait, in order not to be placed among such company.

GERMANY.—At Frankfurt, the weather was quite favorable for the observation of the eclipse. At the crisis only as much of the sun was visible as might be compared to the blade of a common reaping sickle.

In the political world little is stirring overtly.

An extraordinary spectacle was witnessed at Cassel, in Electoral Hesse, on the 24th inst. The President and six judges of the Criminal Tribunal of Rottenburg appeared at the bar in their robes, before a court martial, composed chiefly of Bavarian officers, to be tried for having in October last condemned a public functionary, named Faber, to three months' imprisonment for having violated the Constitution of 1848 though at the time the indictment alleged, the Constitution had virtually been abolished. The court martial condemned the seven judges to eight months' imprisonment. The condemnation created great sensation in the town.

SARDINIA.—Notwithstanding the great number of refugees at present in Piedmont, and especially at Turin, it may with safety be said that in no part of the Peninsula is such tranquility and good order to be observed as here. It is gratifying that this portion of the Peninsula is so flourishing under its constitutional government and King, and guarded by its own troops—the only State not cowed by foreign intervention or strange hirelings. The present situation of the country is a fine example, including the navy; they are kept in constant exercise, and their appearance is very good and orderly.

ROME.—Letters from Rome, dated the 24th July, giving the latest particulars of the case of Lord Alborough and brother at Leghorn, contradicting all reports relative to the retirement of the French garrison, and proving that no agreement for the entrance of Neapolitan troops has been made with the King of Naples.

An edict had just been issued calling attention to the deficiency in the treasury, amounting to nearly 2,000,000 dollars; and to provide for the present exigency, the Pope levies an equivalent contribution on the property of the Roman States—1,000,000 dollars, on real property, and the other 1,000,000 dollars being raised by the several municipalities, who will be allowed to impose rates on their constituents to that amount.

TURKEY.—A letter from Constantinople, 15th inst., says: "It appears that all the members of the family of the late Mehmet Ali Pacha have decided on quitting Egypt, and taking refuge at Constantinople. By the last French packet, two more of them have arrived here—Ali Bey, son of the late viceroy, and Mustafa Bey, son of the late Ibrahim Pacha.

THE CAUCASUS.—Letters from Warsaw say the defeat of General Neisterow at Serebriakow, and the flight of the Russians on the plains of Tiflis is unhappily more than true. The loss of the army in men, ammunition, weapons and horses, is far greater than has been sustained for years; nearly all the strongholds which had been conquered and maintained at such an immense expense, have been again lost. Reports add that one of the commanders of the Hungarian campaigns is to be commander-in-chief of the Caucasian army.

INDIA.—The Bombay correspondent of the *London Times* says:—

"The suspension of the State allowance to the temple of Jagannath, and some cases which have been decided in accordance with the recently passed Toleration Act (No. 21 of 1850), have given rise to an anti-missionary movement among the orthodox Hindoos at Calcutta. At all three Presidencies an English education is considered by all classes of natives as the shortest road to wealth, and the only cheap English education obtainable is that afforded by the mission schools. Many thousands of native children are accordingly educated at these institutions, and now and then (though such an occurrence is wonderfully rare) a Hindoo youth is converted, much to the scandal of the native community. Many of these outcasts, on arriving at years of discretion, are desirous of returning to the religion of their fathers, but they have hitherto been prevented from doing so by the impossibility of mode of expiating loss of caste (wanderings 48 years as an ascetic) hitherto invested in a great meeting of orthodox Hindoos has accordingly been held at Calcutta for the purpose of substituting a milder form of explanation. It was stated at the meeting that there were 53 Christian converts at Calcutta, who would return to the Hindoo creed as soon as the milder form of penance was assented to. There is little doubt that it will be so eventually.

BY THE MAIL.

A LARGE CARGO OF CHINESE.—The British ship *Henrietta*, Capt. Oatis, was entered at the Custom House on Tuesday—she is last from Hong Kong, and brings 223 Chinese passengers, a list of whom is before us. What a collection of Amangs, Adangs, and Achows! Of the 223 names 190 commence with the letter A, usually commencing with a G or a Y, and in every instance two syllables in length. But the most singular circumstance connected with his cargo of Celestials, is that out of the whole number 221 are shoemakers, one a doctor, and one a merchant. Here is destruction to the sons of St. Crispin. Two hundred and twenty-one Chinese cobblers! The idea is terrible! Where in the name of their patron saint are the understandings to come from upon which they are to exercise their skill? A sprinkling of the industrious and pains-taking nation will always be a welcome addition to our population, but all shoemakers is rather too ever. Why, such a supply will last us all eternity! The Chinese as a nation are far from enterprising. They are devoted to their land, and move in the course marked out by their antediluvian ancestors, nor certainly we must exempt the shoemakers from this charge of want of enterprise. They have left their native land apparently in a body, and come to this country to stake their all upon the venture. There must have been widespread conservatism in the streets of Canton when the legion of all the shoemakers was made known. The inhabitants, until another generation of cobblers is trained must perforce go barefoot, for it is hardly to be supposed after such a wholesale Hegra of the trade that any more can be left. Even densely crowded Canton could scarcely produce more than 221 cobblers. The announcement of such a wholesale stampede must have made the Emperor—the favorite of the Sun—sear fearfully by the hairs of his pig-tail. But his wrath was useless. The Celestials were beyond his reach and are now upon our shores, prepared to contribute their mite to the improvement of society by repairing the deficiencies in our understanding.

San Francisco Herald.

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—The Reading (Pa.) Chronicle relates the following beautiful incident:—

"The attendants at the Universalist Church witnessed a very pleasing incident at the close of the religious services last Sunday morning. Several small children were presented by their parents for Christian baptism; the last was a little girl apparently about three years of age, who held a half blown rose in her hand, and at the conclusion of the benediction by the pastor, she stepped modestly forward and said:—

"*Sir please take this rose.*" Mr. Shirley could not refuse the offering of so artless a child, and the half-blown rose was laid upon the altar, around which the parents had assembled to dedicate their children to God."

A NEGRO in one of the towns on the Mississippi, was lately "put up" in a raffle, his owner being short of funds, and in too much of a hurry, to avail himself of the ordinary means of raising them. The negro purchased a chance, and won himself. He then set himself up again, and again won. The next time he lost himself having been won by his old master. He made about \$1000 by the operation; but as he liked his old master pretty well, he concluded not to try to get back his good luck or his freedom.

DEATH OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.—Oliver Brown, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Templeton on the 17th inst. Mr. Brown was the last survivor of those who were engaged in the fight at Concord, April 19, 1775. Mr. Brown lived in Concord, at that time, and when the alarm was given that the Regulars were coming to Concord, he shouldered his musket and joined the companies at Northridge. He continued in pursuit of the King's soldiers during the day, and followed the retreating troops as far as West Cambridge.

HUNGARIAN GALLANTRY.—Whatever the Hungarians may now be, they at one time appear to have been a very ungallant nation. So great was their aversion to being ruled by a woman, that when it became necessary for a female to take the reins of sovereignty, they would never allow her the feminine appellation of queen but persisted in styling her king. Thus it will be seen in the annals of Hungary, that the daughter of Louis I. reigned as King Mary, in 1383.

CHARITY TO CHILDREN.—An association of ladies, belonging to the denomination of Friends, has been formed in Philadelphia, for the relief of sick children during the Summer season. They furnish gratuitously tickets for excursions, either by railroad or steamboat. In extreme cases, if preferred, board in the country is procured for mothers with their sick infants free of expense.

A YOUNG BOSTONIAN in Paris was lately passing an hour in the Salon of Madame Baronne C—, when a young and lovely woman was recounting an adventure, which had placed her in a very critical position—To describe her distress and impotence, she said, "I was upon thorns." "You were in your proper place, Madame," said the young American. Very pretty!

THE NEW JERSEY PEACH CROPS.—The Hightstown (N. J.) Record says, that the peach growers have commenced sending their fruit to market, and that several baskets, that looked well for early fruit. The crop this year is not large, and the consumers will have to pay higher prices than they did last season.

THE REGULAR PASSENGER TRAIN on Saturday evening was run from Portsmouth to Boston, a distance of 54 miles, making twelve stops, in one hour and fifty minutes. Allowing three minutes to each stop—which is a moderate allowance—and this gives a speed of nearly fifty miles an hour.

RICHARD MARKS, the pedestrian, has completed, at Sheffield, the task of walking 1000 quarter miles in 1000 consecutive quarter hours.

THERE are now in the country upwards of 10,000 libraries, containing in all nearly 4,000,000 books.

BLOOMERISM IN THE CONCRETE.—The clever fact and fancy man of the Philadelphia Pennsylvania, thus records the latest development of the Bloomer mania. We had not heard of a Philadelphia case, by the way, before:

Mary Hallam, a bold-faced mulatto girl, was found by one of the police officers walking with great composure along Lombard street, in a dress which attracted a throng of anxious spectators. Mary had on a gown "as brief as woman's love," which, in answer to the officer's interrogations, she declared to be the "new style," and so it was probably, as far as the gown itself was concerned. But a very essential part of the Bloomer garment, the pantaloons, had been omitted. As the gown reached but a little below the knees, and Mary's hose were of that species commonly called socks, which cover little more than the ankle, a pair of coal-black calves were rather ostentatiously offered to the admiring gaze of the public. However, a portion of the crowd which followed had not taste enough to appreciate the symmetrical elegance of Miss Mary's lower extremities, and a cry of derision or disapprobation was raised, at which Miss Mary's feminine delicacy was very much shocked. She turned around and began to expostulate with her noisy persecutors, endeavoring to make her obtuse intellects comprehend that we live in an age of reform and development, and that she was only a pioneer in that march of female progress which would soon become universal. "You need at yell out at me that way," said she, "for this kind of dress is a gown to be all the fashion amongst the prime quality." Some one suggested that the new style of costume required a pair of pants to make it complete; to which Mary made answer to the effect that married ladies only would equip themselves with that garment, and that the virgins, by dispensing with it, would give an expressive sign that they were still in the matrimonial market. The crowd not satisfied with these nice reasons, became so rude and abusive, by word and action, that the officer was obliged to interfere, but before he could rescue the young lady from the hands of her tormentors, her Bloomer gown, by much pulling and tearing, was reduced almost to the dimensions of a round about jacket. She was reprimanded severely by the Mayor, and admonished to return to the old style, till the advance of science and general intelligence would permit her to make the desired change with credit and safety.

UNITED STATES ARMY.—The following is a list of the stations of army officers and troops serving in Southern California:—

Rancho del Cienega.—Company A, 1st Infantry, Capt. C. S. Lovell, commanding; 1st Lieut. James W. Schreeman; 2d Lieut. Caleb Smith; Assistant Surgeon I. L. Adkins.

Mission of San Luis Rey.—Companies E and A, 1st Dragoons, Bvt. Major E. H. Fitzgerald, commanding; 1st Lieut. Cave. J. Coates; Asst. Surgeon Sorrell.

Mission of San Diego.—Company I, 1st Artillery, Brevet Lieut. Col. J. B. Magruder, commanding; 1st Lieut. Asher R. Eddy, F. E. Patterson, D. M. Beltzhoover; Asst. Surgeon John E. Summers.

Camp Yuma, Colorado River.—Companies D, H and I, 2d Infantry, Brevet Major Sumner H. Heintzelman, commanding; Capt. D. Davidson; 1st Lieut. Ed. Murray, Henry B. Henderson; 2d Lieut. Thos. W. Sweeney; Asst. Surgeon H. S. Hewitt.

At San Diego.—Major Charles S. Merchant, commanding Southern District; Major N. W. Brown, Paymaster U. S. A.; Brevet Capt. N. Leon, 2d Inf., in charge of the Quarter Master's Depot; Lieut. Thomas D. Johns, 2d Inf., in charge of the Subsistence Depot.

CAPT. CONROCK, of the United States mail steamship, has placed in the Liverpool Exchange Room, the model of a rudder, constructed by Capt. Lawton, of the ship *Warren*, bound from Glasgow to New York, and by which that vessel, with a valuable cargo and 150 passengers, was steered safely into her port of destination after having lost her rudder 2000 miles from New York. It is constructed chiefly of rope, with lashings of wood and iron, and was attached to the tiller by a series of chains, with a couple of blocks and ropes.

We have letters from Florence which mention that the group of figures from the chisel of the sculptor Greenough, for the Capitol at Washington, representing a woman and child rescued by a western hunter from an Indian—a type of the triumph of civilization over barbarism—is completed. It is now probably on its way to America, where also the artist is expected to arrive in the course of the month of August. It is a noble group, and will add to the already high reputation of the artist.—N. Y. Post.

TAIL GRASS.—A stalk of herdsgrass from the farm of Mr. Joseph Ashley, of Leverett, measuring 5 feet 2 inches in height, has been left at this office. It is from a field containing between 2 and 3 acres, which yield average from 3 to 5 feet in height. The field has been mowed for the last hundred years and during that time has never been plowed nor manured.

Amherst Ex.

THE FIRST OFFICE-TREE was planted in Jamaica in 1228; and the berries produced from it were sold at about twelve cents each, but in twenty years from that date, so rapid had been the extension of its culture, that the exportation of coffee in one year amounted to sixty thousand lbs.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there prevailed a parts of Europe a disease, which was called the wolf-sickness. Those affected with it imagined themselves in the forests. The persons thus affected were called wolves. They enjoyed in those days the alternative of being exercised or executed.

AS INDIAN saddle and hunter's belt, most beautifully worked by Chippewa women, were sent recently to the World's Fair, at London and are now on exhibition there in the American department.

STILL THEY COME.—Nearly ten thousand foreign immigrants arrived at New York from the 1st to the 7th of the present month. This number is exclusive of cabin passengers.

THERE were 1 Cholera deaths at New Orleans during the week ending 2d inst.

TWO MEN BURNED.—A very bad, if not fatal accident, from the use of camphene burning fluid, occurred in this city Sunday night, on board the schooner *Aldra*, Capt. Delany, lying at the wharf near the depot of the New London and Wiltamantic rail road.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock, — Merrit, one of the hands belonging to the schooner, was filling a lighted lamp in the cabin with burning fluid, when the fluid took fire and exploded. The cabin contained about one gallon of the fluid, which was thrown, by the explosion, over the person of Merrit, and all about the cabin floor. In an instant the man was completely enveloped in flames. He sprang for the deck, and from the deck plunged into the river.

A person was in bed a short distance from the spot, startled by a sudden strong light in his room, hastened to the window in time to see the blazing man leap into the river. He ran down stairs and made his way to the river, and arrived in season to rescue the perishing man. He seized the poor fellow by the hands to draw him out, but instead of drawing him out he only drew the skin off his hand, and he sunk back into the water again. He next seized the man by the back of his vest, and so secured him. He was found upon examination to have burned hands, feet, face, and body, in a shocking manner.

Another hand, named Fairchild, was lying in his berth when the explosion took place. He had no alternative but either to perish where he was, or make his way through the flames and over the burning fluid to the deck. He chose the latter, and succeeded in effecting his escape to the deck, not, however, without getting very dangerously burned. We understand the physician's opinion to be, that although the men are so badly burned, they will probably recover.—*Norwich (Ct.) Courier.*

LOVE AND MURDER.—We have a German in prison, guilty of the murder of a young lady, whom he loved. Briefly the circumstances are these:—The prisoner was a servant in the family of Mr. Scholten and became enamored of his daughter.—He declared before, as the testimony shows that he intended to make a declaration of love, and, if not received, he would shoot the girl. He made his declaration of love—the lady indignantly repulsed him. He went and got a double-barrel gun, came into the house where the lady and her mother were, and told her he had a present for her, pointing to the gun. She said, "You are not going to shoot, surely?" He replied, "I am,"—firing one barrel, and afterwards the other, the loads taking effect in the head, scattering her brains all over the room. The young lady was beautiful and accomplished. The prisoner made a sham attempt to kill himself. He is quite young, and a very innocent looking fellow.

Palm Springs (Mo) Waig July 17.

AN OLD-FRENCH ANCHOR.—The schooner *Fly of Hull*, on Monday, fished up, opposite Fort Independence, an anchor weighing nearly three thousand pounds. About eight feet, including the ring, was gone. Some three years since, an anchor was found by Solomon Dill of Hull, weighing 5300 pounds. They are supposed to be anchors lost by the French fleets, which for several years after our Revolution made Boston harbor their rendezvous for the winter. This anchor found three years ago was sold to Mr. Alger of the South Boston Iron Works, who worked it over into one of the posts of Minot Light House. These anchors are made entirely different from those of the present day.

Boston Traveller.

ATTACHMENT OF BIRDS.—Singing birds, if we would narrowly watch them, possess the most singular attractions, and exhibit the most romantic attachment. Not a movement of their master or mistress escapes their observation. They may be taught, by affectionate care, to come out of the cage when called for, or to sit on the finger and sing when requested. A single movement of the head or expression of the eye will accomplish this; whilst the reward of a bit of hard-boiled egg or a morsel of loaf-sugar, will speedily cement an intimacy terminable only by death; the attachment of birds knows no other limit.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE SAYS.—The most difficult of all the virtues is forgiveness. Mayhew, in his recent work on the London poor, gives the following as the language of a little coster boy, (a fruit vendor) when questioned about the Saviour:—

"I have heard about our Saviour—they seem to say he was a goodish kind of a man; but if he says how a core's to forgive a feller as hits you, I should say he knowed nothing about it."

That's the practical belief of many who have greater advantages than the poor coster boy.

A SILVER cup having been voted to an officer once for some gallant action, a dinner was given to celebrate it, and after the cloth had been removed, the whole assembled company waited with interest to hear the eloquence that should attend the presentation. The president rose, and thrusting the cup towards the officer, said—"There's the jug." To which the other replied, taking it up with pleasure and examining it—"Is this the mug?"

ACCIDENT.—As the steamer *Perry* was backing into her wharf Thursday morning, from Newport, Parson Goff, one of the deck hands, who was wiping the machinery shipped from the walking beam, and was caught by the engine as it went down tearing open the calf of his right leg in a shocking manner. Dr. Miller was called and dressed the wound.—*Providence Post.*

THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.—Boston is not without a rival in the boot and shoe trade. New York is rapidly increasing its manufacture in these articles, where 100,000 pairs of boots and shoes are manufactured weekly, estimated in value at \$152,000. There are 24,100 men and women employed in the business.

A HERO GONE.—Tom Johnson, an old salt, a Norwegian by birth, died on the 16th ult., at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia. He was just a hundred years old, and the last survivor of the gallant crew who fought with PAUL JONES, in the desperate conflict with the *Serapis*, in 1779.

THERE are forty manufactures of lard oil at Cincinnati, which put up the past year 1,483,000 gallons lard oil, and 5,120,000 lbs stearine for candles.

A TEMPEST AND ITS EFFECTS.—Last Saturday evening, about 7 o'clock, this place and a region of several miles around were visited by a remarkably severe thunder shower, the wind, meanwhile, blowing a gale. We have heard of no damage by the storm in this immediate neighborhood.

In the Bay, between Bristol, R. I., and Prudence Island, a sail boat was overtaken by the squall, and sad to relate, four persons, all young ladies, were drowned. They were two daughters of Mr. Rufus Read of Providence, the eldest being about 17, and two daughters of Mr. Henry Potter, who resides on Prudence Island, of about the same age. Mr. Read was in the boat himself with his two sons, and another gentleman. The young ladies were in the cabin when the boat upset and sunk, giving them no time or opportunity for egress.

In Tiverton, R. I., upon the places of Mr. William Gifford and Mr. William Darlee, twenty-six stacks of hay and grain were blown over. Capt. King, living in the same neighborhood, about four miles northwest from the four corners, had his house greatly damaged by the storm, while his growing corn was almost entirely destroyed.

The same scenes substantially were witnessed every where within range of the storm and blast, windows broken, houses shattered, chimneys blown down, trees broken down or uprooted, growing grain cut to pieces or beaten down to the earth. So violent or destructive a storm has not been witnessed in this part of the country for many years.

AMERICAN SHAWL MANUFACTURE.—The Bay State Mills have recently sold 100 cases, numbering nearly or quite 5000 shawls for the Canada market, to a regular dealer there, who can afford to pay a duty of 12 per cent, and sell his goods alongside of British productions at a profit!

The production of shawls from some of the principal mills the current year will be as follows: James Roy & Co., nearly all long shawls of beautiful designs, 33,000; Bay State Mills, the great producers in this work, 385,000; Waterloo Co., 22,000; Empire State Mills, 37,000; Peacemaker Mill, Duncan & Cunningham, and one or two smaller makers, say 25,600; making a total of 492,000, or nearly half a million of the medium and better class of goods, produced in this country in a single year!

THE WHALING FLEET OF THE UNITED STATES.—The *N. Bedford* Whaling List contains some interesting statistics, from which some idea of the extent of the whaling business may be formed. The greater portion of this business is confined to Massachusetts. The whole number of vessels employed is six hundred and five. New Bedford has two hundred and seventy-five ships and barks, and more than half the tonnage. Nantucket, New London and Fairhaven have about an equal interest in the business. There are now one hundred and thirty-two large ships and barks in port, fitted for sea, and they will require nearly 4,000 men for officers and crews. The total amount of property invested in the whaling business must be between 20 and 30,000,000 of dollars. The first seven months of this year, there has been landed about \$2,800,000 worth of sperm oil, \$4,500,000 worth of whale oil and \$1,200,000 worth of bone—making a total of \$8,500,000 for the first seven months, giving, for a year, nearly \$15,000,000.

INDIAN COURTESY.—The Hottentots, a South American Indian tribe, have a singular and horrible custom of love-making. A young man, before he can possess his bride, must first present her with a human head, which, must be unutilized, and, on careful examination, bear the true marks of one of an enemy. For this purpose, two or three young men wishing wives, will stalk about for months in the country of a hostile tribe, before they can possess themselves of the desired head, which, when obtained, is carefully enveloped in damped leaves, then a covering of grass, and finally rolled over and over with coco-nut twine, until it looks like a large ball.

CARGO OF APPLES FROM BOSTON.—We have received from Mr. F. Vassault, a bag of rose cheeked Massachusetts apples, a sample of a cargo which arrived in port a few days since on the ship *Pactolus* from Boston. Having been packed in ice they are perfectly fresh and in good condition, and every barrel yet opened has been found to be in most perfect order. Mr. Vassault has some five hundred barrels on board the *Pactolus* for sale. This is the first shipment of the kind that has reached this country safely, but it demonstrates the perfect feasibility of such enterprise in proper hands.—*San Francisco Herald.*

THE CAMP MEETING at Martha's Vineyard closed on Wednesday, and those persons for this city and vicinity who stopped until the close, 32d, came up in the Massachusetts. The steamer *Canonicus*, took a large number for Providence and vicinity. The weather has been delightful throughout, and nothing has occurred to mar the religious enjoyment of those who went to worship in the "beautiful temple." We learn that about one hundred and thirty persons professed to have been converted.

N. B. Standard.

POTATO ROT.—We are very sorry to learn that the potato rot has commenced its ravages in this country. In Swansea and Somerset, we are told that whole fields of potatoes which a week ago promised well are now not worth the digging. One gentleman has a field of 22 acres so affected with the rot that they are nearly worthless.—*N. B. Standard.*

ACCIDENT.—We learn that as Mr. Gilbert S. Cheesbrough was feeding his hogs last Friday evening, he fell over a stick injuring him internally, from the effects of which he died on Sunday morning. He was about 51 years old and leaves a numerous family to mourn his loss.

Literary Echo.

FROM THE RIVER OF PLATE.—A letter from Rio Janeiro, dated June 16, says that affairs at the River of Plate have approached a crisis, and there is now little doubt that the countries on its borders will soon again become the scene of civil war.

THE Boston Cheap Postage Association, which took the lead in agitating cheap postage in the United States, is now renewing its efforts in favor of a uniform rate of one cent postage on letters, the postage to be pre-paid in all cases.

NEWPORT MERCURY.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1851.

Could our streets always have the same appearance they now present, Newport might pass something more than a relic—a remnant of antiquity and enterprise. But soon the stream of life would be turned to the four quarters, and leave our island to the only watch of a few fixtures, who may tell of the events of the busy world around us, without the momentary support that it requires but little exertion to participate in such scenes, and be the year round amid the bustle and confusion of active life.

But enough of gloomy thoughts on the low ebb of our internal affairs; the tide may yet turn to our shores, and in the meantime let us survey that which is passing under our notice. And now, where shall we begin, and where end. There is, after all, but one story—that of fashionable life, the movement of distinguished atoms, and the amusements introduced, and indulged in to kill *ennui*, or to conform to the right laws that follow one to a "resort."

The season has thus far proved delightful; and, we would imagine the invigorating air, if we would enjoy the charms of the island, the bonds of fashion must be broken, and the lounge amid scenes of gaiety, exchanged for the rough and picturesque shore, where the sea is ever dashing its breakers on the rocks. Those who are worshippers of nature rather than the votaries of fashion, are never so much at home as when seated on some bold promontory, they watch the gambols of the waves, each chased by its fellow, expending its force on the unyielding shore.

The life and activity of the season is not confined to our numerous visitors, and those who cater to the wants. There is something more, and of a more lasting nature beneath the current now setting to the south. Our mechanics are happily well employed, and from all accounts, there is enough in store to keep them occupied through the long and dreary winter that must soon follow the bloom of summer. Many houses (no less than ten we understand) have been contracted for, some of which are of an expensive character, and will add much to the appearance of the town.

This is not all, for we believe that our commercial interest has received a start that will result in good; and, if we are not much mistaken, we shall see our whaling fleet increased by the addition of other vessels, before the *Mechanic* (now just ready to sail) reaches her cruising ground. Those who have the capital are alive to the advantages of the trade; strike them, say you who have the influence, what the iron is hot, and secure to one of the oldest whaling ports in the United States, a respectable fleet. You know that the business is good; that New Bedford owes all her wealth to "blubber," and that "there are as many good fishes in the sea as ever were caught." All that is required is the spirit, the will, to do. Let us have that, and the rest, in the nature of course of events, will follow.

The want of regular employment, of some settled course of action, has caused many a young man to follow the downward road to ruin. It matters not how well informed, or how talented he may be; he does not turn his mind and his hand to the accomplishment of some useful purpose, he may as well be a clod for all the good he does. He is not doing nothing for the benefit of himself and his fellows, but he is actually doing much harm to his generation. Children quickly discern between habits of industry and idleness, and unless warned by constant lessons on the importance of the former, are sure to fall into the snare set for the latter.

Young men of the present day too often think of unbecoming them to labor, and prefer to get their living by their wits, or what is still easier, by depending upon their hard working fathers (to whom they would think it a disgrace to speak in the street) for their maintenance. Such, for a time, may seemingly alleviate their want, but it matters not how few the bills they are filled with fat things, from a table furnished by a tending parent—each glances in the pockets—the wages of labor not their own—everything, apparently, is secured for their comfort and to save them from the necessity of working. The day of reckoning will come, and that speedily. No man, however intelligent he may be, can be idle without suffering in character and morals. If he is wealthy, he will be drawn into the tails by the spendthrift and blackier; if poor, and his progenitor can ill afford to support his extravagance, he will soon be induced (from what he may be pleased to call necessities) to step aside from the paths of rectitude, to supply his wants. In either case his danger is great indeed; nor can he possibly continue his course without losing that integrity of character which he should value above life. If a man is honest at heart, he will follow some calling to promote the general welfare and to advance the common cause. He cannot stand still; his course, be it for good or evil, must be onward, and unless he aims at doing right, he but cumber the ground.

NEVER have we known a time when murder stalked abroad with so bare a face. Crimes of the most atrocious nature are constantly enacted around us. There seems to be no limits to these horrid tragedies. The infliction of the just penalty at the hands of the law has not had the effect to stay the arm of the brute, or save for a moment the victim of his wrath. The same power announces the execution of one assassin and the arrest of another. The number of blood-stained and hardened wretches confined in our prisons, is enough to make one shudder at the thought of insecurity. No place, no time, and no relation of life seems sacred. No one can feel secure while such acts are so common, or mingle with his fellows, confident that he may escape the dagger of some unknown enemy. The law is prompt in its execution, and the guilty are generally ferreted out; but the number of crimes increase at a fearful rate. Does it not argue that there is a laxity of morals—a recklessness and indifference to all save the gratification of brutal passions. If so, we have much to lament, and much to do to check the evil. Let the cause be what it may, cannot escape from the conviction that man sheds the blood of his fellows with little compunction, and easily sometimes his daily avocation without showing fear or remorse, until justice claims the penalty due for his crimes.

The civilized world is becoming sensible of the absurdity of the ever to be remembered, ever to be detested tubes, termed hats, with which the heads of our race have been painfully encased for the last half century. Never was there anything more inelegant or uncomfortable in the form of a "title," never anything further from the object for which a hat was designed. The face is not protected from the sun, the head is compressed into a hard, unyielding rim, which binds and annoys, and the whole is calculated to fill one with disgust for the invention, and cause him to pine for a change.

Some one (may he live forever—in the hearts of the people) has had the temerity to tilt against the "section of a stove pipe," and has held it up to the ridicule it merits. The many who have felt the inconvenience of the "fashionable style," have turned out *en masse* and declared themselves opposed to such head-gear. As a natural result, they have been furnished with a lighter and every way more comfortable covering for the source than has been enjoyed for generations.

The "tube" is on its last leg; it has done its service—not long, but long—and now is likely to be laid upon the shelf, to give way to something that, while it is still felt, will be comfortable, graceful and convenient.

